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Return to Poppyville (Community Edition)



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Chapter 1 by reddogz158

Rick slouches up to his bedroom with a half-full suitcase.

The bedroom is an absolute mess. But it was envisioned packable to Rick. He placed a few folded shirts and pants into the suitcase to start. And eventually finished shoving the last piece of clothing into the stuffed suitcase.

Rick was moving. And he was not ever going to come back to Poppyville even if his very soul depended on it. That figure he saw the night before was the last straw. There had been strange appearances before, of course. He had seen strange shadows loads of times. But now he would not ponder his eyes out the window expecting good sleep, and then ending up with nightmares. He was free.

Rick felt relieved as he stepped onto the plane. His brain was soothed with joy. "Thank you for boarding Dulit Airlines. Today we will be flying from Poppyville to Unitar City." The flight attendant told on the PA. Then a rumble shakes the plane. And Rick is in the air. Flying towards his envisionment of freedom.

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Rick stepped off the plane with his heart full of happiness. He took the bus to Third Avenue and walked to his small house with two floors. He picked through his clothing and searched through his appliances until his suitcase was empty.

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Soon, the house was full with things. And the sun was edging the horizon like a bear nudging a beehive open. Rick started up to his new bedroom almost whistling with joy. He got his pajamas onto his legs and jumped onto his bed. He stared out the window until he drifted off.

Rick awakened from a bump in the night that gave him such a fright. It also gave him one second thought. What if he had made the wrong decision? Rick stumbled down the stairs with a flashlight.

He searched through his entire house and found nothing. He caught motion in the corner of his eye out the window. Rick walked outside to a terrible shock on the side of his house. Written in blood, the words "RETURN TO POPPYVILLE" were scrambled all over the bricks. Suddenly a figure appeared out of nowhere. Blood was dripping from purple lips. The figure charged toward Rick. Rick ran but there was no escape.

Rick sat up as fast as lightning in his bed. Was it a dream? Was it real? Do I even care? (Probably not.) These thoughts kept circulating through Rick's head as he got up. He quickly threw on some clothes and rushed downstairs and out the door. The blood writing was still shining in the broad daylight. Now begging the question: Why did that figure not kill me?

Chapter 2 by Katie Switzer



Rick's phone rang, still shaken up answered the phone, "You can't escape, RETURN TO POPPYVILLE," the person or creature on the other line hung up. Wait, this is a new phone, no one but my mom knows this number. Rick heard something in the bushes and started jogging to his new job, he got another call, he was frightened, but the caller ID told him it was only his mother. Hey mom, he said, "RETURN TO POPPYVILLE" it was wierd, it was his mothers voice, but why would she say something like that? He started shaking, called his boss and said that he couldn't come into work today, and that it was really important, he dialed his mothers number, and a chill came over him, it rang twice, and then the sweet lady answered asking how his trip

was, and thinking he was crazy he said, "RETURN TO POPPYVILLE" Now he was scared what was happening?

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Chapter 2 by Katie Switzer

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Rick jolted up from bed, was all of that a dream? His house looked weird, all of his stuff was in boxes, "I've already unpacked was going on." He whispered to himself. "You'll see" A soft female voice said, it was almost a comforting, like he had heard the voice before. Rick, although frightened and confused, was also tired, he open a box trying to find his coffee maker, as he opened the box he gasped. The question: What did Rick see?

He saw toys from his childhood, but not how he had left them, they were torn up, scratched by some animal, or creature. He found his "Blankie" and written in what looked to be blood said; "RETURN TO POPPYVILLE, OR ZOE IS NEXT." "Not Zoe" Rick thought.

Zoe was Rick's only girlfriend, they dated for 14 years, the relationship ended for a better job offer in another place, Rick thought she woud ask him to go, but she didn't and now 5 years later he still regrets not chasing her.

"I need to call her, make sure she's okay." Rick thought. He dialed her number,

Ring

Ring

RIng...

It was her voicemail, "Hey Zo, it's Rick, from highschool... anyways call me back." he said

A few hours passed and she called him back, Rick was sweating as he glared at the familiar number, somewhat frightened, he answered the phone

"Hello?" he said.

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